To My Shrink

Sue Lott
TO MY SHRINK

Oh, but it is dirty, Ingy
Your forehead always troubled with my blither
In your sexy, black, spiky, but square-toed boots
Some distance from the luxurious palm
Of the brown leather hand
Which tightly grips your hips each session
Do you understand as I pay you to?
I can't tell from your face
Two filmy lenses reflecting the window
Behind me and the natty tweed couch that matches the
   carpet
And your stylish slacks
Call me to disobey, defy
The Bible that says to honor
My 'rents who drool that I stop you Ingy
the money, embarrassment, competition, fights
with or without you
Because...
"Because she ain't doin' diddly?"
Yes...
But, Freud never read the Bible
My sexuality knows it, Ingy
I'm stunted
And doesn't it hurt?
Just for an hour
Twice a week

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